Editorial Rooms of the CHRISTIAN UNION,

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HENRY WARD BEECHER, EDITOR,
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My Dear Garrison,

Your tribute to Richard D. Webb and James Haughton will appear in this week's paper. Your sonnets are on file, to be printed on the first opportunity. For the first I have ordered my assistant to send you $20. And I take this occasion to say that, as our share is less than that of the Independent, and as we are running a serial story, I would like to have you, in your contributions to the Christian Union, confine yourself pretty rigidly to somewhat less than two-thirds the space of your articles in the Independent. Perhaps I should hit it nearer if I were to say

half instead of two-thirds. One column and a half of our paper should be the usual limit. For such articles I will pay $20. which, allowing for the difference in length, will be more than equal to what you receive from the Independent. We are trying to get all our regular writers within the above limitation, in order to secure variety. You will see how much room your "In Memoriam" occupies, and from that judge how many pages of your manuscript will be required.

I am pained that lameness should be added to all your other ailments. It is hard to be shut up within doors just as the Spring is opening, with her sweet odors and her quickening power. As for myself, I

have not been so well at this season for many years as I am now. I have scarcely had a suspicion of asthma, indeed have hardly had a cold, during all the severe winter, and I am very happy in my work.

Emily Faithfull's farewell address at Steinway Hall, on Thursday last, was capital. She was so calm, so correct, so free from rhetorical exaggeration, and so impartial, that she carried her audience with her completely. Mrs. Motte presided with her usual grace and dignity, and only made the mistake of lugging into her address the names of Mrs. Stanton and Susan Anthony. We must be thankful, I suppose, that she did not add that of Mrs. Woodhull.

With affectionate remembrances for all your household, I am, my dear Garrison,

Yours, with unabated love,

Oliver Johnson.